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Four Excellent

SONGS

Intituled,

I. *Picking Lillies.*

II. *The Sailor's Lamentation.*

III. *Low down in the Broom.*

IV. *Willie is the Lad for me.*

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

A new Song, intitled Picking Lillies.

DOwn in a meadow freſh and gay,
Picking lilies all the day;
Picking lilies both red and blue,
I little thought what love could do.

2.

Where love is planted there it grows,
It buds and bloſſoms like any roſe,
It has ſo ſweet and a pleaſant ſmell,
No flowers on earth can it excel.

3.

There's thouſands, thouſands in a room,
My love ſhe carries the brighteſt bloom;
Surely ſhe is the choſen one,
I will have her or I will have none.

4.

I ſaw a ſhip ſailing on the ſea,
Loaded as deep as ſhe could be;
But not ſo deep as in love I am,
I care not whether I ſink or ſweem.

5.

I leant my back unto an oak,
Thinking it was ſome truſty tree;
But firſt it bow'd and then it brake,
And ſo did my true love to me.

6.

I put my hand into the buſh,
Thinking the ſweeteſt roſe to find,
I prick'd my finger into the bone,
But left the ſweeteſt roſe behind.

7.

If roſes be ſuch a prickly flower,
They ought to be gathered while they are green
And he that loves an unkind lover,
I am ſure he ſtriveth againſt the ſtreem.

8.

When my love and I is gone to reſt,
I'll think on her whom I love beſt,
I'll wrap her in the linen ſtrong,
And I'll think on her when ſhe's dead & gone.

The Sailor's Lamentation.

O I'll ſet myſelf down and I'll cry,
To think what I have done,
I placed my love on a comely young laſs,
when I was but a boy ſo young.

Not paſſing fourteen years of age,
I fix'd my mind ſo ſure;
I plac'd my love on a comely young laſs,
Oh! the torments that I do endure.

O when to my hamock I do go,
thinking ſome ſweet reſt for to take
She runs ſo freſh in my mind,
and I float upon her breaſt.

O when to her father's houſe I do go,
to kiſs her ſweet lips I do crave:
And if that kind fortune will not on me ſmile,
O the ſeas ſhall be my wat'ry grave.

Her cheeks are like the cherry ſo red,
that grows upon yonder fine tree;
Her veins are like the violets ſo blue,
what a loving fine creature is ſhe.

Her hair is as black as a ſloe,
which does my heart ſurpriſe;
Her ſkin is like the velvet ſo ſoft,
ſhe has diamonds in both of her eyes.

Her breath ſmells as ſweet as a roſe,
her breaſt like the ivory white,
And when in my company ſhe ſung,
my heart it was raviſh'd with delight.

Laſt Monday ſhe danc'd on the green,
and all other nymphs did out vie;
She delighted me ſo with her mein,
I always on her had my eye.

So lovingly then we agreed,
we always together did walk,
In the meadows of ſome verdant ſhade,
and ſweetly together did talk.

But now ſhe's left me to mourn,
no comfort in her can I find,
So I will go down to my ſilent urn,
ſince ſhe will not alter her mind.

Low down in the Broom.

IT was on Monday morning
the day appointed was,

That I went forth unto the Broom,
to meet a bonny Laſs ;
So blyth and merry was my heart,
to bear her companie,
And ſhe's low down ſhe's in the Broom,
Waiting for me ;
Waiting for me my dear,
And waiting for me,
And ſhe's low down ſhe's in the Broom,
Where merry ſhall we be
I look'd o'er my left ſhoulder,
to ſee what I could ſee,
And there I ſpy'd my own true love,
come linking o'er the lee ;
With his little Bonnet on his head,
and his plaid above his knee,
And he's coming ſkipping o'er the Broom,
For to meet with me :
For to meet with me my dear,
And for to meet with me,
And he's coming ſkipping o'er the Broom,
for to meet with me.
I took my true love in my arms,
ſo merry was my heart :
I ſaid my life my lovely jewel,
my dear we'll never part,
I ſaid my dear we'll never part,
until the day we die,
And ſince we're down among the Broom,
Merry ſhall we be :
Merry ſhall we be my dear,
And merry ſhall we be,

And ſince we're down among the Broom,
merry ſhall we be.
Hold off your hand young man ſhe ſaid,
for it muſt not be ſo,
For little does my father,
or yet my mother know
For they will wonder in their minds,
what is become of me,
For they little think I'm in the Broom,
talking with thee,
Talking with thee my dear,
Talking with thee;
For they little think I'm in the Broom,
Talking with thee.
My Dady is a canker'd Carle,
he'll nae twin wi' his Gear;
My minny ſhe's a ſcalding wife,
hads a' the houſe a ſteer;
But let them ſay or let them do,
it's a' ane to me,
For he's low down he's in the Broom,
that's waiting on me,
Waiting on me my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down he's in the Broom
That's waiting on me.
My aunty Kate ſits at her Wheel,
and ſair ſhe lighties me;
But well ken I it's a' envy,
for ne'er a Jo has ſhe.
But let her ſay or let her do,
it's a' ane to me.

My cuſin Kate was ſair beguil'd,
wi' Johnny in the Glen;
And ay ſince-ſyne ſhe cries beware,
of falſe deluding men,
But let her ſay, or let her do,
it's a' ane to me,
Gleed Sandy he came Waſt ae night,
and ſpeer'd when I ſaw Pate,
And ay ſince ſyne, the neighbours round,
they jeer me air and late,
But let them ſay, and let them do,
it's a' ane to me,
I gave my love the parting kiſs,
and homeward I came,
I bad her ay remember,
the meeting of the broom,
But what was done, or what was ſaid
it's a' well known to me,
And ſhe'll come again unto the Broom,
for to meet with me;
And for to meet with me my dear,
And for to meet with me,
And ſhe'll come again unto the Broom,
And merry ſhall we be.

Willie is the Lad for me.

SINCE Jenny thinks meaner
Her heart's love deny,
And Peggy's uneaſy,
when Harrie's not nigh;
I own without bluſhes,

and all the world by,
That Willie is the Lad, the Lad for me.

He wrote me a Valantine,
his hands did compose,
The day-loving Lillie,
is turn'd with the pose,
Young Myrtles in Spring
the border does incline,
That Willie is, &c.

Beneath a tall beech
and reclin'd on his Crook,
I met my young Shepherd,
and sweet was his looks,
He ask'd for a kiss,
and a hundred he took.
And Willie is, &c.

My Myrtle said he
as my passion expresst,
The Rose like Vermillion,
her lips they are drest,
The Lillie for whitness,
shall envy in her breast,
And Willie is, &c.

Those Ribbons of thine,
was his gift at the Fair.
Her mother seem'd cross,
and cried Fanny beware,
Do you think I regard her,
not I, I do declare.
And Willie is the Lad, the Lad for me.

FINIS.